

IN STAR BOAT

by ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Have you a sister? I didn't know. What is her name?"

"Mary. I should like you to know her."

"And who is Miss Lilbourne? Does she live with you?"

"She is an orphan; my father and mother adopted her," said Bernard, his eyes fixed upon the sketch.

"Is she pretty?" asked Mildred in her slow, direct way.

"Yes—very."

"And she won't sit still when you ask her? How very unkind!"

"Oh, she was always very busy, you know!" said Bernard in some confusion. "The girls had always plenty to do, but, thanks to old Miss Selwyn, that's over now."

The sketch finished, he showed it to Lady Mildred, who was evidently much struck.

"How clever you are to do so much with so few touches! I should like to show it to my father. Will you, Mr. Stelling—Selwyn, I mean—be so kind as to give it to me?"

"I had meant to keep it," he said hesitatingly, "as a remembrance of one of those golden days which don't come twice, but I'll make a bargain with you, Lady Mildred."

"A bargain?"

"You shall have this sketch if you will give me your photograph. I have one photograph of you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, but it was taken a long time back. You gave it to me at Oxford. It doesn't do you justice now. May I have another?"

"Well, I think that it would be only fair," she assented. "A photo of me is, after all, a poor return for this clever little sketch."

"Lady Mildred!"

"Nay, I mean to pay a compliment—not to flatter you, I assure you."

He leaned against the tree thoughtfully for a minute or two, and there was a brief silence.

"It is growing cooler," he said at last. "Come down to the water and I will row you about."

"It will remind me of Commemoration!" she said merrily, as he helped her out of the hammock.

"Your brother tells me that Mr. Martineau, of the firm of Leroy & Martineau, is your cousin, Lady Mil-

in the art of dress from Lady Mildred. He wished so even more when her ladyship walked into the drawing-room some time later, her clear-cut face and pliant figure set off by amethyst-colored plush, which caught the light on all its rippling folds.

She was conscious, as she entered, that she was looking at that moment as beautiful as it was in her power to look, but nothing in her perfect manners betrayed the thought. She crossed the room slowly, purposely stopping on the way to replace some flowers which had fallen from a vase. As she turned again, her glance fell upon a gentleman who stood on the white fur hearthrug, talking to her father. A sudden change passed over the face which before had been only beautiful. No other man ever carried himself with such careless grace as this man. As he stood, only the back of his head visible, she knew that it was Valdane; her breath came more quickly, her heart beat faster at the thought. She stood perfectly still, her eyes fixed upon him. Then he turned slowly round, saw her, and at once came forward. She moved not an inch, but remained where she was, the brilliantly lighted room bringing out every point of her beauty.

Their hands met, and in that moment she knew that he was changed. He looked ill and worn, but in her eyes a thousandfold more lovable. His greeting was cordial, but it lacked the delightful tone of mutual understanding. Almost in terror she scanned his face for the wherefore, but found it not.

"I did not know that you had come," she said.

"I arrived two or three hours ago. They told me you were somewhere in the grounds, so I went to look for you—as far as the lake-side. Then I came back; you were being well entertained and did not want me."

Lady Mildred's ebbing spirits came rushing back in swift flow. She thought she had a key now to his cold greeting and worn appearance. It was love of her, she thought, which was telling upon him; she had accomplished her object, she had made Valdane jealous.

CHAPTER XI.

Bernard Selwyn had persuaded the



"OF COURSE YOU MAY HAVE SOME."

dred," he remarked, as they walked together through the park to the water.

"Yes, he is," she answered, without raising her head.

"It is strange. He has the management of some business for Miss Lilbourne."

"Indeed! Did she go to him by chance?"

"Quite by chance. She says he is very kind and painstaking. I shall be glad to meet him."

"I can't fancy Valdane a solicitor," she said, laughing. "He is so essentially a society man."

Bernard saw that he had started an unwelcome topic. He adroitly changed the subject.

The water was the great feature of the Clarendale estate. It was a beautiful irregular-shaped lake, with a small island in the middle, much used for picnics. Bernard thought there might be many worse ways of spending a summer afternoon than sculling idly in the shade of the great trees, on the glassy surface of the water, with Lady Mildred's proud, sweet face before him, shaded by her wide-brimmed hat.

A long silence fell upon both during the latter part of that row, and as they walked slowly home together under a saffron-colored evening sky they hardly spoke at all. Lady Mildred was thinking that her companion, with twenty thousand a year to back him, was more than endurable. Bernard was wishing that Marguerite could have the advantage of a few lessons

doctor and his family to go to the seaside. It was a treat which they had never before enjoyed, and great was their delight at the prospect. The doctor, to whom a holiday had hitherto meant no more than the space of time between Friday and Tuesday, now procured another doctor to do his work for him and prepared for a couple of months' relaxation. They were very happy. Bernard, they all agreed, had behaved remarkably well; he had shown such thought and consideration. He was not at all unduly elated at his prosperity, and had done just the right thing in making no radical change until the will was proved and the tedious law business completed.

But when the cottage at Bourne-mouth had been taken, the trains looked out, and the day of departure fixed, Marguerite electrified them all by gently refusing to go.

"I have no right to a farthing of Bernard's money," she said, "and I should not feel happy, thank you."

"But, but, my dear," spluttered the good doctor, "that's false delicacy, you know—that's straining a point! You surely may accept favors from the man you are engaged to."

"Bernard and I are not engaged," she returned with quiet persistence; then, after a short pause, "nor ever shall be," she added.

"We shall see what Bernard will say to that," said Mary. "He is the only person that can manage you, Marguerite."

Marguerite smiled.

"We won't discuss it," she said steadily. "Only I am not going to Bourne-mouth."

There was no shaking her decision. Her will was indomitable, and unconsciously she influenced all. With quiet tact she persuaded them all to start without her, and lived on by herself in the dull, close London house, looking eagerly each day for a possible answer to the advertisement which Bernard had inserted in the West of England newspapers.

Had Valdane Martineau known of that advertisement it would have occasioned him some uneasiness. A rather strange thing had occurred on the morning the day after he paid his visit to the Stelling's house. A box of exquisite, cut, hot-house flowers had arrived for Miss Lilbourne. No message or card accompanied them, and Marguerite was thoroughly mystified. Mary thought that Bernard had sent them, but, on being written to on the subject, he was obliged to disclaim any knowledge of them. Each day arrived a fresh selection of choice and delicate blossoms; they were brought by a man from a floral depot, who knew nothing of the person who had ordered them or anything about it. Marguerite loved flowers and, left alone in her glory, she grew to hail the daily arrival of the fragrant treasures.

One day, soon after she was left alone, Mr. Martineau called. His ostensible reason was to say that he was going to Clarendale the next day, and he asked whether there was anything he could do for her before he left.

She thought it was very kind of him to take so much trouble, and thanked him warmly. He stayed a long time, and she gave him tea in the drawing-room, which was almost full of those lovely flowers. He bent to smell one of a bunch of tea-rosebuds, and remarked that they were very fine for London. Hereupon she innocently revealed the fact that she did not know who had sent them.

"But it is some one who is very kind," she said—"some one who knows what flowers are to Londoners. Each morning I am always afraid it will be the last time. I think I shall cry when they leave off coming."

The sender would feel more than repaid if he or she could but see how the gift is appreciated," returned Valdane gravely.

"You are fond of flowers, too," said Marguerite. "I knew you were by the way you noticed these when you came in. Won't you have a rosebud? I have so many, and I don't want to be selfish, you know."

"Will you really give me one of your flowers?"

"Of course—any you choose."

"If I might choose, I would ask for one of those," He pointed to a vase full of marguerites.

"Those—they have no scent."

"They are my favorite flowers."

"Of course you may have some."

She selected three of the pale starry flowers, with a piece of maiden-hair, and dexterously made up a button-hole for him.

"I took it with a very low and quiet 'Thank you,' and, having no longer an excuse to linger, rose to take his leave.

(To be continued.)

A KIND DEED SAVED A LIFE.

That wealth is not always deaf to the call of suffering is shown by the case of a poor young soldier who was lately pronounced by the surgeons at St. John's Hospital in Brooklyn to be on the road to recovery. He was Albert Duncan of the Second United States Infantry, who had been lingering between life and death for weeks, and was only saved, the physicians say, by the joy of seeing his father and mother.

Duncan had been sent to the hospital in the late autumn, suffering from fever and abscesses. He became so ill that the hospital authorities wrote to his parents, who live near Ashland, Ky., that if they wished to see their son alive they must come on at once.

The father, a poor farmer, was without money to pay his own and his wife's way to New York. He hoped to obtain it soon somehow; but the days went by, the sick soldier growing worse, profoundly discouraged as he was because he thought he should never see his father and mother again.

A visitor at the hospital, a lady, heard of the case, and asked Miss Helen Gould to investigate it. Miss Gould did so promptly, with the result that she sent money to the Duncans at Ashland. They started for Brooklyn on the first train after receiving it, and were quickly admitted to see the son.

The joy of the sight of them acted as a tonic to him, and, much to the surprise of the doctors, who had given him up, he began to improve. The mother came daily to see him, and remained each day as long as she was permitted. The son, constantly happy where he had been seemingly hopeless, gained steadily.

Through Miss Gould's generosity the mother remained near the hospital until her son was able to travel.

Following Health Notes.

Housekeeper—You don't look as if you had washed yourself for a month. Tramp—Please, mum, th' doctors say th' proper time to bathe is two hours after a meal, and I haven't had anything you can call a meal in six weeks.

—TIT-BITS.

Prescription Wanted.

Mrs. Oldham—Doctor, what shall I do to prevent these horrid wrinkles from coming at the corners of my eyes? Doctor—Stop getting old, madam. Two dollars, please.

The Dawes Commission.

Denton, Tex., Dec. 26.—M. P. Lyon, with the Dawes Commission, was in the city Sunday night. Mr. Lyon has been in the Chickasaw nation for some time looking after matters concerning allotment and citizenship of Chickasaws. He is acting inspector for the Dawes Commission, and it is his duty to investigate alleged frauds, citizenship claims and report allotment contests. He said, speaking of the allotment:

"It will not be long till there will be actual allotment in the Chickasaw nation. I think they will be ready to begin allotment work in the nation in a very short time now. The Dawes Commission will open up a land office in Ardmore in a short time, and already a corps of surveyors is located in the southwestern portion of the nation ready to go to work."

"The corps is in charge of R. L. Walker, and it is the duty of those surveyors to cut the Chickasaw lands up into forty-acre tracts and get them ready for allotment. The work to be done now is in what is called the 'Ardmore block.' It will be surveyed, platted and appraised and then allotment will start. All allotments for the Chickasaw nation will be issued from the office at Ardmore, and from present indications it does not appear that the time will be long till the Dawes Commission will begin to put the Chickasaws in possession of their allotments."

"In the Chickasaw nation many of the Indians are already notifying the leaseholders and renters to vacate property, so that the work of allotment may proceed. There are many fraudulent claims to citizenship that are being worked out, and this must be completed ahead of the beginning of allotment, as the citizenship rolls will have to be perfected, so that the Dawes Commission can allot to each individual Indian citizen his or her land in severalty, as provided for in the Atoka agreement between the Chickasaws, Choctaws and Dawes Commission."

"There will be many contests in citizenship cases and in land claims in the Chickasaw nation, and the work is likely to take a long time in getting the lands transferred to the members of the tribe in severalty as the treaty provides."

"There is trouble ahead in the Chickasaw nation. There will be many questions of great importance to settle before allotment is completed, and even before it is begun in that nation. There will be most questions of law and personal rights to be settled and arranged, and it appears now that a new trouble is rising. The United States, in the Atoka agreement, between the Dawes Commission and the commissions representing the Chickasaws and Choctaws, agreed to allot the lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations to the individual citizens of those tribes, giving them their lands in severalty, and to put such citizens in peaceable possession of their rightful share of lands. There is a trouble beginning to crop out now that was unforeseen by the Dawes Commission and may prove a vexing question before allotment is perfected. Already it is questioned if the government can put the Indian citizens in peaceable possession of their lands."

Hurt by a Cannon Cracker.

Waxahatchie, Tex., Dec. 26.—But few accidents occurred here yesterday. Among the number were: Sam Coleman, 13-year-old son of Mrs. R. J. Coleman, hand fractured by explosion of cannon cracker; Tracy Threadgill, hand hurt by explosion of cannon cracker, similar to Sam Coleman's; Irwin House, face badly powder-burned by discharge of toy cannon.

Arm Broken.

McKinney, Tex., Dec. 26.—Christmas was observed here by the merchants closing their stores at least part of the day and by the closing of the banks and postoffice. The weather was beautiful and fair which brought many from the country to town who had been prevented heretofore from coming on account of the extremely muddy condition of the roads.

The only mishap reported was that of a young man named Luther Ralston, who, while coming to town yesterday morning in a wagon, was accidentally knocked out and sustained a broken arm.

Wang Wing, a Houston Chinaman, was robbed of \$150.

Oscar Poole was killed in a fight at Orange.

The steamer New Orleans has arrived at Manila.

John Reno, who was shot at Ennis, died.

Fireworks Destroyed.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 26.—Last night about 8:45 o'clock some careless handler of Christmas explosives set fire to a large quantity of fireworks, piled on the sidewalk at the stand of Nis Zanthon, opposite the Capitol hotel, on Texas street. There was a general explosion, which lasted several minutes. When it was over the fireworks were all destroyed and a tremendous crowd had been attracted. The fire department also turned out but there was no use for their services.

Killed Himself.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 25.—The east-bound Pacific train due here at 3:35 yesterday morning did not arrive until about 9 o'clock, and it brought in the mailcar the dead body of Thomas D. Hathaway, the mail agent. He had received a bullet hole through the heart and death must have been instantaneous. The breast was blackened by powder, showing that the shot must have been fired at close range, and the bullet had passed entirely through the body.

It was not known that the mail agent was dead until the train reached Luling, a station 154 miles west of this city, in Caldwell county. The train upon which the deceased was mail agent is a fast train and stops at very few stations. Luling is the station at which the train stops, and here it is the duty of the mail agent to put off some mail.

When the train came to a stop here the mailcar remained closed and there was no sound on the inside of the car. The man on the outside of the car waiting to receive the mail knocked impatiently several times, but received no answer. He then reported the fact to the conductor and that official sent the porter into the car to arouse the mail agent.

The porter went into the car and coming back reported to the conductor that the mail agent was asleep but he could not arouse him.

The conductor then went into the car and he found that the man was dead. By his side was a pistol with one empty chamber, and the wound in the left breast showed that the heart had been pierced.

A justice of the peace was summoned and the train held until the inquest was concluded, a verdict of suicide having been rendered.

The dead mail agent, Thomas D. Hathaway, had been in the railway mail service for about fifteen years, and he was one of the most proficient men in the service. His suicide can only be accounted for by the theory of temporary insanity, brought about by ill health and overwork. Since Nov 1 his run has been from Houston to Eagle Pass, which is in the neighborhood of 400 miles.

The deceased was 48 years of age and was born and raised in Richmond, Fort Bend county, but has been living in this city for about twenty years. He leaves an aged mother, who lives in this city, a brother-in-law, a widow and two children, as well as more distant relatives in the city.

He was known here very favorably and his near friends knew him to be of a bright sunny disposition and very pleasant to come in contact with. As a boy in Richmond he had that standing and was exceptionally bright in business matters and took hold of the business affairs at an early age.

Serious Accident.

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 25.—A Southern Pacific switch engine jumped the track while passing just south of the passenger depot yesterday afternoon and utterly demolishing it.

Dozens of persons were standing in the immediate vicinity. One man was instantly killed and two injured.

The dead man has not been identified. His head was crushed by the heavy timbers so that he could not be recognized, but he wore the clothing of a laborer. Switchman J. D. Gifford was standing on the running board. He was injured about the back and legs.

James Cooney of Marshalltown, Ia., was caught by the falling timbers and sustained injuries to both hips.

Lost Child Found.

Roby, Tex., Dec. 24.—A telephone message came into Roby from Hobbs, a postoffice twelve miles west of here, late Tuesday evening, while the blizzard was at its worst, asking for aid to hunt a lost child of J. M. Withite's. Quite a number of citizens responded to the call. The little fellow was found safely housed about five miles from town. Of course there was joy in the household of the father of the child.

"Your money or your life," was demanded of Jailer Butler of Texarkana at an early hour several mornings ago. Not desiring to part company with either of these essentials, Mr. Butler fired between the two youths who stopped him, frightening them so badly that they were easily captured.

Two Santa Fe freight trains collided near Purcell, O. T. Sixteen cars were wrecked. One engineer was fatally hurt.

Good Artesian Water.

McKinney, Tex., Dec. 23.—Water has been struck in the new Artesian well being sunk for the McKinney waterworks system. At a depth of 1032 feet the stream was struck and the water rose to within fifty feet of the top. The well is a four-inch bore and is the second one of that size that has been put down, and which are expected to afford an ample supply of water for the new system of waterworks.

PASTURE AND FARM.

Cattle conditions in west Texas are excellent.

Numerous fruit trees are being set out throughout Texas.

Hundreds of fruit trees are being set in Orange county.

The supply of workable range horses is said to be steadily decreasing.

C. Woodward of Gateville has shipped two carloads of mules to Richland, Ga.

L. T. Johnson shipped four carloads of calves from Giles, near Clarendon, to Illinois.

A number of fine cattle have recently been received by Midland county stockmen.

Bee culture promises to be a growing industry in several Texas counties next year.

Dr. Curtis of Midland county has added two registered Jersey bulls to his herds.

At San Angelo, C. W. Hobbs sold to C. Palmer of San Antonio, 1200 bags of wool, or \$20,000 pounds.

Mr. McKenzie of Midland sold to Jim Trammel of Sweetwater a Scotch topped Shorthorn bull for \$150.

Mr. P. M. Granbury of Houston has lost 100 head of cattle from some unknown disease and as many more are affected.

Wolf Sacks of Tempe, Ariz., recently sold to a Los Angeles buyer a shipment of alfalfa-raised short two-year-olds, weighing 1100 pounds.

W. T. Cawley of San Angelo has sold his one-half interest in Hudson & Cawley's 2400 steers to his former partner, Lum Hudson, at private terms.

A number of cases of blind staggers, presumably caused by eating smutty corn, were recently reported among horses around Georgetown. Some cows were also affected.

The increase in the wheat acreage of McLennan county is estimated at 15 to 25 per cent, and there is also a considerable increase in the area planted in oats.

C. S. West of Corsicana shipped out from Wortham to Chicago thirteen carloads of fat steer cattle, the shipment being the first made by Corsicana feeders this season.

W. Q. Richards of Quannah shipped to Kansas 1443 calves—all Whitefaces. They were said to be among the best calves ever shipped or sold in Quannah.

Farmers are killing hogs.

Secretary Coburn of the Kansas state board of agriculture estimates the corn crop of that state at 225,000,000 bushels. The government report last month put the crop at 265,000,000.

Never before was there such fine crops of volunteer oats in Wilbarger county. In conversation with some good farmers Saturday, they said that volunteers oats should be pastured closely.

A. C. Page, Panhandle railroad agent, says that 343 cars of cattle and two cars of horses have been shipped from this point this fall. At an average of 30 head to the car, making 10,290 head.

Judging from the amount of fruit trees growing in every part of Bastrop country, the great number of plantings purchased this season, and to be brought there before the season is over, fruit will be plentiful in that county in a few years.

Mr. Geo. Copp has begun shipping tomatoes to Northern markets, and each day's express car carries a shipment. The tomatoes are as fine as found anywhere, can be raised as early here, and with as little expense as in any section of the state.

F. N. Page, living near Clarendon, vaccinated 400 calves in one week.

Plenty of water on western ranges.

At a meeting of the board of regents of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical college, it was decided to purchase \$10,000 worth of books to add to the library and \$50,000 worth of machinery and scientific apparatus, which will make the college one of the best equipped anywhere in the west.

Bulletin No. 53 of Texas Agricultural Experiment station, showing the co-operative work of M. Francis, veterinarian of the Texas station, and of J. W. Connoway, veterinarian of the Missouri station, has just been issued.

Col. William Black of San Angelo has shipped 700 calves to Iowa.

H. R. Starkweather, near Coleman, has an artesian well on his ranch which throws water 20 to 25 feet above the ground. The well is 380 feet deep. The water is very salty and considerable natural gas escapes from the well.

The major portion of San Angelo's fall wool has been turned loose. Jackson & Richardson sold recently to Geo. R. Toylin, representing J. Koshland & Co. of Boston, 50,000 pounds of wool at prices said to range from 12 to 14 cents.

The statistician of the department of agriculture at Washington has made final report on the cotton crop of last (1906) year. He estimates that 24,867,286 acres were planted in cotton that year, producing a total of 11,129,505 bales.